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The Palace of Vision



Wilbur Morris Stine

***PUBLISHERS WEEKLY**

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**THE WRECK OF THE MYRTLE,
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THE PALACE OF VISION

“Thy mind
Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms,
Thy memory be as a dwelling-place
For all sweet sounds and harmonies.”

Tintern Abbey, — WORDSWORTH.

Not in A.
1.27.05

The PALACE
OF VISION
A P O E M

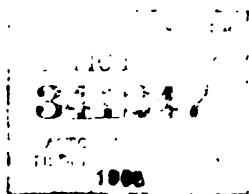
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WILBUR MORRIS STINE



THE ACORN PRESS
SWARTHMORE
PENNSYLVANIA
1904

S.

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I. FANCY



The Palace of Vision



I. FANCY

TO the calm and noble chambers of a
refuge Fancy knows,
Where the wealth of dreams we cherish, it
with lavish hand bestows,

Turns the spirit overwearied, longing for their
far retreat
From the goad of care incessant, pressing bur-
den and the heat

Life full lays in measure common of the
round of alien things,
Which, the heart and task divorcing, bind to
earth the spirit's wings ; —

Turns the soul in stress of anguish under sore
bereavement bowed,
For the respite life denied it, and the balm it
disallowed.

There the heart confused with turmoil, bends
to seek its calm and peace ;
And the hot and restless fever of its days finds
sweet surcease.

¶ In the chambers of soul-vision, wonderful
and haunting fair,
Sacred hid from cold intrusion, laid in far, en-
chanted air, —

There our loves abide in spirit and intrude not
carnally,
While the warm breath of their rapture grows
more tender mystery ;

There the pain of joy that saddens, and the
lingering pangs that bless,
Fall in minor strains of music, echoing with
tenderness ;

There the laughter of the day-world rises like
a gladsome song ;
And the mirthful eyes bewitching, beauty's
spell in dreams prolong.

¶ In its airy realm enchanting, evening shad-
ows fall more soft ;
While there faintly sound the distant, lingering
tones of bells, aloft

From some belfry high and elfin, ringing cho-
rals to the night,
Through whose measured melodies there
thrills an exquisite delight.

¶ In the realm of the soul's possessions,
stretching outward in its pride,
Till earth's poverty of riches in its bounds is
satisfied, —

There, repression of the fancy, as it rose in
fierce desire,
Yields to bounteous wealth supernal for the
hearts, who may aspire,

That the lavish hand of Fancy gathers to re-
pay the loss,
Life inflicts in fate unkindly : pure the store is,
free from dross ;

Nobler than the precious jewels, finer than the
hoarded gold ;
While it gathers more of splendor, as its treas-
ures more unfold.

Wealth it has, no lack of riches, this far realm
of magic air ;
And no splendor thought can fashion, fails of
perfect glory there.

¶ For the potent realm of vision holds in
store, surpassing earth,
Growing how we lavish spend it, ours by right
of time and birth, —

Worth of soul innate with greatness, glorious
heights that it would win ;
Treasures of the thought, and rapture that it
jealous guards within ;

Passing glories of the spirit, with uncloying
splendors bright ;
Strains unsung of cadenced music, ravishing
with fine delight ; —

Sacred treasures, what is whispered low in awe
to the spirit's ear
Of a fire divine inspiring, and the glow of ge-
nius clear ; —

Here are owned in full confession, and neglect
and envious scorn
Cloud them not with shame belittling, nor
may power their worth suborn.

¶ In the realm with dreams we people,
stands the palace of the soul :
Nobly walled, high-towered and lofty ; framed
with zeal to glorious whole ;

Reared through the years, we build unceasing,
striving how our hands are weak,
Building how the heart may fail us, — while
in nobler air we seek,

For the earth of disappointment, commonplace
and barren-grey,
Realm of glowing fancy splendid with the
light of rarer day.

High of wall and higher vaulted, groined with
arch of airy span,
Holds the palace spacious chambers fashioned
into noble plan ;

Vast in grandeur, they have largeness that
transcends the meagre space,
Circumstance on man imposes for his carnal
dwelling-place.

¶ In the chambers of a palace battlemented,
grand and bold,
Standing on some cliff of fancy, bathed in
flood of sunlight gold ;

Verdure-crowned and wistful with romance
denied in earthly love,
Stands it regal in its seeming, lifting high its
walls above,

Nobly crowned with towers imposing, bast-
ioned with defying strength,
Line on line in grandeur rising till they fret
the sky at length ; —

Here the soul finds its whole freedom, how it
moves in servile round
Bound by birth and chance of station, and by
custom crueller bound ;

And held fast by task and duty, that would
mock its longings high,
Lest through them its slave should falter. And
how Fortune may deny,

Steadfast in the worth of being and the spirit's
true acclaim,
There the soul wins exaltation nobler than
the gift of fame ;

Though its life may pass unheeded by the
throngs who eager press,
Like a herd of cattle, after fools who lead
their eagerness

By deceit and fair delusions, — following them
for fatuous gain,
That attained is naught in holding, and ac-
quired is but in vain.

¶ Through the pleasant, spacious chambers
Fancy spreads her rarest rays,
Bathing them in warmth of color ; through the
window's stain there plays

Mellowed light and tone, as softened waves of
brilliant sunsets' gleam
Mingling fell upon their pavement, wavering
like a dancing stream :

Till the light of pleasing fancies and the tints
of prismatic glow,
Rest in moving, tender brightness with a radi-
ance softened, low,

Upon walls of stately bearing and on ceilings
arching high ;
While the air is thrilled with secrets that on
dawn and sunset lie.

C In the light lies wonder mystic, soft as in
cathedral nave,
When the rays from pictured windows fall in
tender, mingled wave,

And the columned space is gleaming with
ethereal fires of light
That, in mist-like radiance falling from a
hushed and solemn height,

Are the gold of the noon's high sun-tide, that
a secret power transforms
Into memories of the sunset and the irised
bow of storms.

And the sheen breaks into music of a choral
glow of fire,
Sung in myriad waves of color, sweet attuned
in radiant choir.

C Past the chambers mellow lighted from
the window's pictured fret,
In entrancing, dreamy vistas halls palatial,
opening yet

Into softer, mellowed distance, more inviting
 lead the view,

Where the charms in memory sleeping their
 enchantments old renew ;

And the art of ancient masters, that in mem-
 ory more enthralls

By ennobling touch of fancy, lays its splendors
 on the walls.

And across the distant vision, fair creations of
 the thought

Won to form from laughing eyes and hints
 with lingering transports fraught,—

There, are seen in lovely being, that supernal
 charms reveals

In the gleam of form enrapturing : scarce the
 veil of mist conceals

Eyes that light with fascination of a spell that
 binds the heart ;

And the mould of curves diviner, than from
 storied marbles start.

¶ Far, along the deepening vista, fall the
waving lights below

Upon pavements rich in fashion, where mo-
saics polished glow,

Mingling jeweled stone with whitest marble
in their rare design.

Soft the distant splendor kindles, while the
crystal flames far shine

In the gleaming ; and their fires with flush of
fainter lights are blent,

As, to fading glow of sunset, silver faint the
star is lent.

¶ Bordered are the halls palatial, leading far
with transept crossed,

By array of noble columns, that condemn the
gauge of cost,

Rising from a base of emerald, porphyry, or
marble veined,

With their fluted, polished shafts enwreathed
with circling ivy trained

Into poise of living spirals that, like Nature's
twining green,
Mount the stone, their gilded splendor blend-
ing with the granite's sheen.

Chaste Corinthian capitals with clustered oaken
leaves and scroll,
Wrought from lucent marble, crown them to
majestic whole,

That, aspiring high and noble, from mosaics
patterned rare
Bear upon the lofty grandeur arch and vault in
higher air.

¶ There we, lords of our possessions, stand
on threshold of the halls,
And the eyes in charm and wonder, as on nave
and pillar falls

Light ethereal touched with mystery, — kindle
on from scene to scene —
Each new splendor more enchanting, each far
glow more radiant seen ; —

While the heart is thrilled with glories of the
treasured dreams it knew,
And half fears to cast beyond it, lest some
spell dissolve the view, —

Fears, and scarce believes before it lies in a
burst of splendor high,
What in round of life is pain and longing that
must end in sigh.

For the splendor seems for life too golden and
too lightly won ;
And, by disenchanting care, it must as lightly
be undone.

Here, to inner sense of soul, unfolds the wealth
it secret hides,
Won from inspiration, that divinely on its life
abides ;

And it sees in glorious being hues, whose col-
ors write in fire
All the glow and passion in them and their
depths of sweet desire.

¶ Here, before it grandly passes ancient
pomp and stately show
Of processions dim, majestic, that, through
ages, passing slow,

Laud the deeds of noble daring ; or, in vast
cathedral dim,
Move in splendid worship reverently to low,
impassioned hymn,

On whose melodies are laid the burden and
the pang of prayer,
Till the choral thrilled with pleading trembles
on the awe-hushed air :

And the worship, half-barbaric, lifts the dark-
ened souls above,
Till the yearnings of the spirit, mystic, tender,
melt in love.

¶ From the fancied pomp of stately show,
and worship of the sense ;
From the columned nave, and charming vista,
turns the vision thence,

Toward the vault that lifts on airy arch its
broad, encircling space,
And beholds there new enchantment wrought
in high, ennobling grace.

On the soffit and the ceiling, like the Sistine's
storied vault,
Loom in seried splendor, that the skill of art
can not exalt,

Frescos fine as hand of Raphael might have
traced in eager stress
Of his perfect art and vision : filled with grace
and tenderness,

That, upon his art inspiring, like a touch im-
pelling, came,
Till the fire divine had kindled into glow of
deathless flame ;

And the pain of his high vision had been
wrought in living art,
That forever stays in being, while, forever,
there upstart

From it pulse and thrill of life in truth of passion and its glow, —
Smile of saint and frown of demon, as they mingling come and go.

¶ Here delightful scenes from Nature smile,
that Art can truer speak,
Following the semblance, where the mind to know her depths is weak,

Than the fine descriptive phrase : and, owning life inanimate
Lacks the crowning charm, it lays the human touch to elevate

Nature's truth with truth more spiritual : and draws in form half-veiled
Fleeting grace of nymph and phantom, as in glee they laughed, and hailed

Him, who wrought them into joyous being in the woodland cool.
And they call where leaves are swaying, where the deeply mirroring pool

**Flings back grace of their abandon ; and their
 voices rise like song,
Sweet as their own charms supernal, seen but
 in Arcadian throng.**

II. DEVOTION



II. DEVOTION

LED by charm transcendent move the eyes
the painted scenes amid,
Till they rest on depths of woodland, whose
dim secrets still are hid

From the ken and song of poets, how they oft
have raised the theme.
Here, the living air seems holy ; through its
calm a tinkling stream,

In the wavering murmur of its liquid notes, is
distant heard ;
Lowly sounds of insect life the quiet scarce
disturb ; a bird

Sudden thrills the air with song, whose wild,
untutored forest note
Sweeter is than trill of flute : it pours from its
heart through a golden throat

Perfect strain of gladness, that is pure abandon
to its lays,
With no fear of harm, or terror ; and the song
is Nature's praise

Welling from a heart, that music melts to
golden notes of air
Flung upon a dreaming woodland, like a
burst of perfect prayer.

¶ Softly, there, the leaves are swaying, danc-
ing light in breeze of noon,
Filled with pulse of tender verdure, that no
breath of frost may soon

Stay in its full tide of being ; and, upon the air
they lay
Murmured strains of glad contentment ; while
the wandering breezes play

Soft upon them, like a viol ; winning from
them harmonies

Blending with the stream's bright treble into
hymns of brooks and trees.

¶ By the wistful stress of music ; by the deep,
cool woodland charm ;

Past the haunting forms of dryads — beauty
free from taint and harm : —

In the depths of the heart there awaken dim
Devotion's deeper chords ;

Thrilling low, yet grand, exalted past all joy
that song affords.

Sing they like some harp, that, ages long, has
sounded mystery

Deeper than the ken of Reason ; hymning an
eternity

That, with light of golden wonder, sudden
gleams on the path of life :

There to waken in us longings ; there to urge
a quest and strife

For a grail sublimer, holier, than Arcadian valleys hide, —

Heaven descended, spirit-splendor borne upon celestial tide.

¶ Just beyond the woodland fancy lies a scene, whose meaning deep

Yields the heart in full expression, what its truer moments keep

Hid from day, and light intrusion. As the art of classic age,

Whose high genius wrought in sacred themes its lasting heritage,

Here had lent its inspiration, with its olden power supreme,

To a hand, that later sought to gain the *all* of art's high dream

In the present age of commerce, wholly bound to Mammon's shrine, —

Reaching upward from its baseness to a vision more divine :

Here, has genius wrought its inspiration, till
 the dream became
 Symbol of Devotion, laid in theme that Pearce
 has given to fame.

Noble in simplicity, the vision in its pathos,
 there,
 Pleads the longing of all ages, and the cry of
 world-old prayer.

¶ Lone, upon a wooded hillside, with a faith
 unquestioning,
 Human hands have reared an altar, without
 tool and fashioning.

Stones by Nature seamed and carven, here are
 laid by simple art ;
 Upright, two ; a third them crowning bears
 the fire, whose flames upstart

And consume the offered token, whose sweet
 savor is the sign,
 Mystic wrapped in earthly symbols, of the
 dim, unknown Divine !

Trees about rise high, majestic ; like some
noble spirits fair,
Lay they hush on face of Nature, holiness and
awe of prayer ; —

Hush they noise of wing and insect, bid the
song of birds be mute
While the high noon's minstrel utters his wild
strain of woodland flute,

That but lays upon the silence passing hint of
life's deep thrill,
Melting longing into worship and the heart to
spirit's will.

On the breeze the hill wide roaming, lay they
hush of evening hour,
While the flame's low murmur rises till, in ar-
dent spirit power,

It leaps forth, a gleaming token that the sacri-
fice is owned
By the Power, whose fatherhood within the
human heart is throned.

C Then the breeze, like chanting minstrel,
lays its skill on trembling leaves,
And they wake to murmuring chorus that a
tender anthem weaves, —

Chorused low, like organ sounding and, anon,
like 'cello strain :
And the passion of all holy sweetness sings in
its refrain.

Low, till lost in echoes, falls the anthem ; then
from distant solitude
Swell the murmurs, till in perfect song the
choral is renewed.

And in strength of strains victorious, some far
hope the song declares, —
Joy to thrill of joyance, while the sylvan scene
the gladness shares :

*How this life may press with sorrows ; how its
burden bears with pain ;
How to dust its frame returneth : yet the soul
shall live again !*

¶ In the hush of Nature's temple, broken
but by wind-blown hymn ;
By the altar holy, mystic, crowned by viewless
seraphim,

Side by side in mutual yearning kneel here
two with low-bowed head.
One is man, some far ancestor, who upon the
hill has led

Sportive dance, mayhap, or followed some far
cry of heated chase ;
But whose heart is speaking, and he bends a
reverent face,

While the sacred fire consumes the savory
meat his prowess sought,
That he offers in his weakness to a Power be-
yond his thought.

¶ Mute of words, no voice he utters ; but,
upon his lips is laid,
All the longing that the heart knows, — as a
dim, sweet mystery played

Veiled before his ardent fancy, nameless in its
ecstasy.

Swift it passes. Through his heart there
moves the voiceless agony

Laid by death, as love departed and its prayer
was all in vain ;

Through it pours the sorrow and the pang of
life, its goad of pain ;

Lingering void of disappointment, and remorse
from sting of sin ;

Whispered yearnings moist with tears ; and all
its cries repressed within.

Low he bows with voiceless burden of his
prayer, while on his heart

Pours the flood of mingled agony the pains of
life impart ; —

All the cry of prayer that mankind lift forever
to the skies

Echoes in his mute petition, rises from his
sacrifice !

¶ Soft the melody and sweetness of the for-
est-murmured hymn
Steals upon his heart and being with a burden
vast and dim.

Kneels he there, a far ancestor, bowed in wor-
ship for a race :
Pleading for all time and ages, that, with slow
and wearied pace,

Wounded sore and mad with anguish, victims
of relentless Foe,
Press the strife of life and yield them, lifting
cry of helpless woe.

Bent with agony unuttered, mute with prayer
ineffable,
Bows he there his soul in worship of the
Power Invisible ;

Mingling with his pangs the mystery, thrill of
wonder and the awe
Of a world past all his knowing, past his ken
of rule and law.

¶ Man for mankind, bowed he worships, —
striver with its strife oppressed, —
Type of human invocation, seeking love in
yearning quest ;

Seeking peace past all disturbing, longing for
a harmony
Sweeter far than earth-breathed music, nobler
than its melody.

Through his silent agony his heart the bene-
diction pleads,
Which shall reconcile with good his preying
griefs and sateless needs,

And shall be the *real* for earnest longings, that
he knows are true :
Laying on his life a beauty deeper than the
passing hue.

¶ By his side, of form diviner, — mystery
high and sweet as prayer, —
Fairer than her human comrade, creature more
of spirit air, —

Kneels a woman in devotion, hallowing the
pastoral scene ;
Some far type of visioned beauty worshipping
in lovely mien

Part of earth, yet more of heaven, whom some
rarer graces fold
In their constant care protecting, than the man
of coarser mould, —

Kneels she in the noon's high shadow, lost in
visions, rapt in dreams,
Touched by glory beatific, — half an ecstasy
she seems !

¶ Flowing over shoulders rounded, parted
from a forehead fine,
Modeled noble as the artist dreams of woman
more divine, —

Folds of Titian hair loose falling in abandon
naught confines,
Waving like the rippling water, — her sweet
presence half enshrines.

Through the parted leaves a sunbeam wander-
ing falls upon her hair,
Touching it with golden sunlight that soft
glows, caressing, there,

Till it shines half-lucent with the fire of ruddy
gold within,
Purpled deep to softened lustre with the ruby's
glow akin.

Soft it lies upon her tresses and, with radiance
subdued,
Tinges neck and cheek with crimson mingling
with the flush of blood,

That, concealed or faint revealed, suffuses her
fair features low,
Token sweet of tides of rapture that within
her being glow.

¶ Gentler fall on her the sorrows, voiceless
longings and distress,
That, upon her comrade kneeling, flood his
heart with bitterness.

Low she bends her eyes in worship, while triumphant in her face,
Where a smile half lingers softened, breaks a light of heavenly grace.

¶ Veiled within her heart a Spirit breathes a promise distant cast
Of redemption through her granted, that shall come to man, at last.

On her rests the joy prophetic : that, from woman shall be born,
Christ the Son of God, anointed to be balm for those who mourn,

Herald of a brighter dawning that shall grow to perfect day ;
And the Comforter, who, dying, bands upon the Grave shall lay,

Conquer Death in Resurrection, rise victorious from the tomb, —
Winning steadfast hope that, dying, man meets not a final doom.

¶ Past the vision moves prophetic, fades the
dream for history ;
Leaves it some dim sense of music and of
spirit minstrelsy.

Over her, the woman kneeling, steals a new
beatitude,
Light of some annunciation on her softly
seems to brood :

Touch it is of all the wistful, tender love of
womankind,
All the grace of her devotion, her sure spirit-
sense of mind,

Wealth of pure affection and her ministry of
tenderness
Falling on life's strident harshness, calming it
to loveliness.

¶ Charms the artist means by halo, having
else no skill to paint,
Fall upon her past the pale self-righteousness
of fancied saint : —

Burden of angelic mission, sweet as chorals
from their choirs,
Laying love in spirit meaning on the gross of
man's desires ;

Earnest of eternal beauty that, like music,
haunts the earth,
Incarnation of the mystery, sense of far, celestial birth

That in flowers and bird-song greet us, that in
passing cloud is seen ;
Spirit of the evening purple, passion of the
noon's hot sheen ;

Sweetness of the wind-blown murmurs, ravishment of form and grace :—
All the wealth of spirit meaning that in earthly
mould we trace,

Rests upon the Woman kneeling, soft in halo
lingers there,
As she lifts her heart in worship, bowed in
holiness of prayer !

III. NOBILITY



III. NOBILITY

FAR along the lengthening passage, on its
spacious, spreading vault,
Art has laid its fair creations blemished by no
lack nor fault.

Now a fresco pure as Raphael's throws the
softened light in glow ;
Yonder scene of strength and grandeur speaks
the art of Angelo.

Clear are limned majestic fancies, which the
heart had vaguely held,
And had treasured through the years ; and
how their hidden charms compelled,

Yet not power nor skill awoke to make their
grandeur outward known.

¶ Deep within the heart, how life is cold,
there pleads in undertone

Passion to create the beautiful that every age
extols.

What through years the passion bears in tute-
lage of master souls,

Here is laid with skill of chastened art : in
beauty there unfold

Mists of thought and gleams of fancy ; mem-
ories of centuries old ;

Pageantry and glorious visions, that, in sombre
evening light

When the press of the day is waning, picture
forth their quaint delight :

While the ancient knights and warriors move
in vast procession slow,

And through kindly hand of memory in height-
ened splendors go, —

Glittering in jeweled armor, flying banners
 gold-entwined,
 Heralded by martial trumpets that high thrill
 the passing wind.

¶ Through the distance break in misty gleam
 of ravishment, —
 That with warmth of life seems glowing, such
 as Courtois's hand had lent, —

Forms that grace some fragrant woodland,
 lovely shapes that flee the sun,
 Gleaming white in sylvan shadows, coyly
 sweet and hardly won.

Through the glorious painted vista moves the
 eye in kindling mood
 All the varied scenes among, the tireless hand
 of Art has wooed

From the vague and passing fancy, and has
 brought to imagery
 Incarnate in splendid being, bright with haunt-
 ing witchery.

D

¶ Far adown the spacious passage till it ends
in sunlit court,
Columns border it, majestic, and with grace
the vault support :

Lofty rising mark they portals spanned by arch
and arabesque
Opening on court and fountain, cool, inviting,
picturesque ;

Or, anon, on chambers noble, vast, where va-
ried riches are
Treasured for the soul's possession, won by
toil from fields afar.

¶ Low dividing from the passage, mark the
columns paneled walls,
While above them mellowed sunlight gleams
on vault and capitáls.

Varied scenes adorn the panels, or they bear on
azure field
Golden wreaths the blue entwining ; fair de-
sign of noble shield

Wrought with symbols spiritual to show the
 soul in highest worth,
 Won by toil and earnest strivings, not by
 chance and favoring birth.

C If to show the Spirit noble, kindred to
 some glorious line,
 That nor boasts the blood of battle nor great
 riches from rapine ;

But some line yet more illustrious than the
 titled birth bestows :
 That, by grace of God's endowments and by
 toil and strife, sure grows

From the base and mean of earthliness to
 heights of air serene ;
 Gains the summit hard in winning, where all
 truth more clear is seen ; —

Ancestry of priest and prophet, poets of the
 deathless strain ;
 Race of martyrs, saints, reformers, — those
 who served at Truth's high fane,

Who some righteous word have spoken, heard
 undying in all time,

Who have stood an Age opposing for a truth
 they held sublime ; —

Line of dreamer who in vision won the soul of
 Beauty's spell,
Limned it forth in living colors, wrought the
 marble cold to tell

Of the fire and deathless passion that forever
 urges on,
Urges, still, each generation, till the Beautiful
 be won !

¶ If to show the spirit noble, kindred to the
 great of soul,
Lordly by God's gifts and sanction, stately and
 possessing, whole,

Rank exalted, high and worthy, full as deeds
 have won estate ; —
If to prove the worth of being, honoring the
 heart elate :

On the walls are crests armorial, blazoned
 some on emerald field,
Gleaming some from depths of purple rich as
 Tyrian dyes might yield.

Bear the walls heraldic symbols of the spirit's
 proudest quest :
Golden-wreathed and jeweled from the emer-
 ald glows the spirit's crest ;

Gleams it golden from the purple, with a clear,
 inspiring ray,
Sacred with the light of empire higher than
 proud sceptres sway.

¶ Here the soul achieves all station, finds the
 courtliness it seeks ;
Weaves a crest for its ambitions, that in splen-
 did guise bespeaks

Lordliness in its possessor, all the regal state of
 man,
Who within his heart a king is, ruling not on
 tribe or clan,

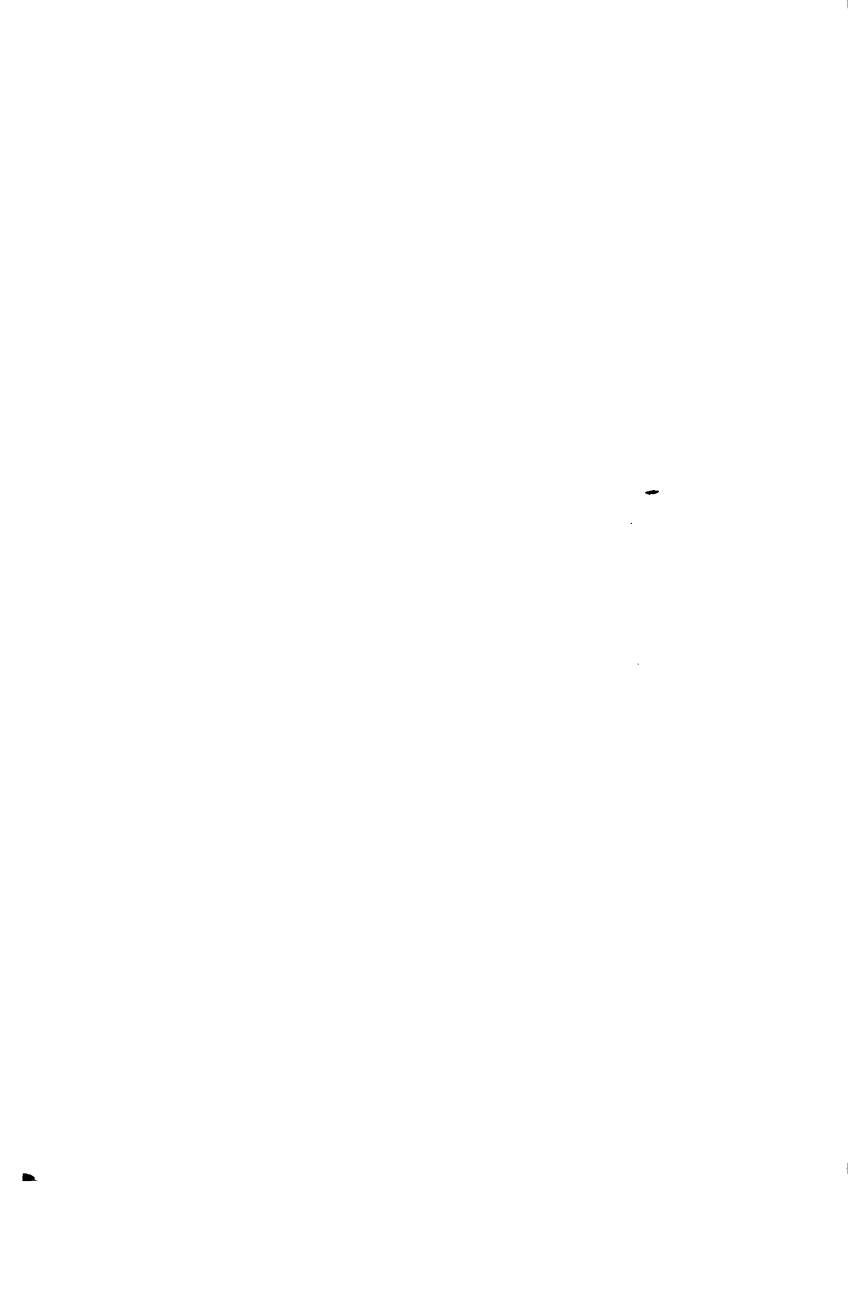
Race or nation ; but his kingdom is the realm
his spirit knows,
Broad as his own thought can measure, wide
as his own spirit goes.

On his crest there rests not symbol'd weapon
boasting war and blood,
Unicorn nor lion rampant, sword nor shield of
fatal feud, —

Childish signs of ruder peoples, signs of lord,
and serf oppressed ;
Tokens of the robber's prowess, knavery in
splendor dressed.

Here are traced in deepest tinctures, the spirit's
highest heraldry,
Azure, gold and crimson symbols, blent in
splendid imagery.

IV. N A T U R E



IV. NATURE

PAST the symbols on the panels that attest
the worth of soul,
That confirm its state and grandeur and its
lineage extol,

Other panels grace the passage : rich, adorned
by master's hand,
Blend they with the round above them, art
with art in meaning grand,

Spread in lavish treasure, onward till the splen-
dor thrills the space
Vast as some cathedral glooming, soft with all
of visioned grace.

Colors deep with life and feeling gleam where
mellowed sunlight falls,
Till the real of pictured seeming vivid wakes
upon the walls.

¶ Varied scenes adorn the panels, wrought
by hand of varied art
That has laid, with skill consummate, bare the
beauty of the heart.

Part they are of visions pictured, that with
misty longing break
Into sigh, where some deep woodland trem-
bling cool in mirroring lake

Yields the swift and fleeting fancy, shows
some vale in laughing air,
Beautiful beyond earth's being, and than
Tempe yet more fair.

Part they are of blended image wrought from
pleasing memories
That possess the spirit dreaming, mingling in
its reveries.

C Fair outspreads a quiet valley distant
 walled by gentle hills
 Lying in caressing sunshine, dimmed by mel-
 lowing haze that fills

Wide the space with golden shimmer, airy-
 thin and softening
 Till the landscape lies in splendor more of
 dream than paints the spring.

Peaceful winds a narrow river on whose banks
 great willows grow,
 Leaf and branch enchanting pictured, — mists
 of trees as once Corot

Painted in idyllic landscapes, — strong of trunk
 and graceful limbed,
 Crowned with foliage tender, wistful, all its
 harshness softly dimmed.

More of dreams than earth the landscape, like
 some perfect chord and low,
 Passing human utterance sweet and sweeter
 than the breezes blow :

Scene of some Arcadian region, where the powers
of Nature lie

But to bless with growth and nurture, and to
grace with friendly sky ;

Region where the perfect seeming grows into
reality

Showing thought of God in beauty, deep as
His eternity.

¶ Opposite, the mellowed radiance lights a
scene of sylvan theme :

Not of earth the forest glimmers with a faintly
struggling gleam ;

For the sun scarce breaks the fastness warded
deep with sturdy trunk

Arched with limb thick spread with foliage,
that of kindly showers has drunk ;

Growing depths of thick-wove leafage pierced
with stray and wandering rifts,

Where there falls a shaft of sunlight that in
gleaming splendor drifts.

On the sward of grass and mosses bright is set
 the woodland flower
 Bearing bloom of blue and purple ; tokens coy
 of secret bower

That the sun in passion enters, bloom here
 flowers of burning red,
 Flames, that from the green upspringing,
 through the dusk mild radiance shed.

Star-like shine they in the glooming, sparkling
 like some magian gems
 Hung by sportive elf or fairy on the floweret's
 nodding stems.

¶ Purpled are the trunks and branches with
 the woodland glooms that fell,
 From the lights the thick boughs passing, into
 weird and solemn spell ;

Green are leaf and grass with livid tints like
 emerald glistening,
 As through them was wildly coursing wine
 of an unfading spring.

U Stately seems the forest olden, bower where
noble spirits pass,
Moving through the air with music, scarcely
touching flower and grass ;

Wood it is of visioned seeming, filled with no
annoy nor harm,
Where the wistful peace of shadows trembles
but at its own charm.

U Here in noontide's fervid splendor gleams
the sunset's radiant chord,
Tints that thrill like anthem sounding, tones
of light in full accord.

Here, in light of glorious seeming, lies the
heart's deep loveliness,
Set in forest grand and storied, purpled depths
of wilderness

Such as hand of Diaz painted, drawing clear
his vision fine,
Spite of jeer, as his own spirit caught the
passing dream divine ; —

Painted depths of woodland sombre, shot with
some fierce gilded ray
That, from rift in storm-cloud falling lurid on
the darkened day,

Marks the moment when on Nature, solemn,
grand, an awful pause
Dark forebodes the tempest's fury and the burst
of its wild laws : —

Painted woodland more of seeming than the
depths of forest shade,
More of dreams and sombre fancy than is seen
through wildest glade ;

Sombre dreams, yet deeply thrilling with the
pain of some far hope ;
Fairer they than storied Arden, or the charms
of fabled slope.



V. AFFLICTION



V. AFFLICTION

PASSING scenes of sylvan fancies, that a
vivid art has won,
Where the heart of man with Nature beats in
tranquil unison, —

Wide a panel spreads a picture feigning hour
of light subdued,
When the evening softness gathers, and the
shadows lightly brood.

Blue the sky of this far landscape, azure pass-
ing into gray
On a level, dim horizon, that in distance fades
away,

Blending earth and sky together in a shimmering
veil of haze.

Wide the landscape stretches bleakly, desert
waste of sands that blaze

Lurid fierce in glow of noontide, where no
tree nor flush of green ;
FronDED palm nor spread of verdure pleasant
to the eye is seen :

Naught but desert vast is pictured, where the
step of humankind
Falls but in some distant memory, like an echo
to remind

Each spent year of seasons olden, when the
waste a garden spread
Fair as Eden, green and blooming, and with
living waters fed.

¶ On the scene of desolation Memory lays
enkindling breath,
And there lives its past with all the joyous
charm it lost in death.

Soft reposing in the shadows lingering cool
 where noble trees
 Lifted frond and branch toward heaven, toying
 with the languorous breeze, —

Temples stood amid the verdure, roof and tree
 blent in relief ;
 Peak with crown of branches mingling, weath-
 ered bronze with green of leaf.

¶ Through the rifts of verdure gleaming
 with the charm of quick surprise,
 Marble white the temples glisten, high their
 noble columns rise,

Carven with a woodland garland, lilies clasped
 with trembling vine,
 Airy reeds and iris flowering, held with wind-
 ing columbine.

Graceful as the shafts of palm trees that a
 passing wind might sway,
 Bowing them as trees are bended, lift the tem-
 ples, light as they,

Sculptured shafts, that through the branches
 seem with clustering trees a part, —
Part with woodland beauty fashioned, Nature
 blent with human art.

Shrines are here before whose altars low the
 soul in worship bows,
And in awe of the Eternal breathes its ardent,
 trembling vows.

Here it lifts its aspiration, pleading it may
 realize
All the sweet, exalted longing that it brings for
 sacrifice ;

That, how dim and vague their leading, and
 how high their earnest dwells,
Are the creed of youth's devotion. Here the
 pleaded yearning swells,

Breath of incense soft aspiring toward the
 Holy, Beautiful ;
And the soul thrilled with its craving, in its
 worship dutiful,

Yields its God, in spirit unction through its
softened, mystic mood,
Through its tender, nameless strivings, through
a Self dim understood, —

Imaged beauty of His spirit, attribute of His
own soul
That He breathes into His creatures, His own
likeness to extol !

¶ Soft the groves are with a Presence, and
one temple leads the rest ;
Shrine it is the heart in homage seeks in pained,
impassioned quest.

Very birds that wing the branches garlanding
the sacred fane,
Sing in sweet, melodious measure, pouring out
their hearts in strain

Soft and melting as the bulbul lays upon the
moonlit air
Heavy with the dews of fragrance. Softer
green the leaves are there ;

Sweeter blow the wandering breezes breaking
into melodies,
Like a harp æolian singing, breathing joy
among the trees.

He who worships here knows longing, pain
that sweeter is than joy ;
Fevers of unrest consume him, burn the heart
yet not destroy ;

Fancies flit across the shadows, tender yet with
anguish filled ;
While from joy the heart quick turning, with
an unknown dread is thrilled.

¶ Fane of anguish is the temple, yet a shrine
of ecstasy,
Where despair and bliss may mingle in enrapt-
tured litany.

Here a Presence fair and lovely passes through
the air serene,
And the trees break into singing as her come-
liness is seen :

Fills it all the columned temple till the mar-
bles softly glow ;
Thrills it through the verdant shadows till they
waver to and fro,

As in dance of joy they circled ; and the air
grows mist of gold
Melting into lambent treasure, while the flow-
ers more gay unfold.

Nature owns the shrine and homage, whole
partakes its joy and bliss,
Rapture and the thrilling passion which the
later years dismiss :

For the Soul of Love is passing and the earth
breaks into May ;
Hers the temple is and worship, and the fra-
grant, golden day !

He who worships in the temple, spellbound in
the mystic grove,
Seeks the haunting form of rapture that pos-
sesses him with love ;

Seeks the One, who through the twilight bends
on him bewitching eyes,
Showing veiled a form that kindles dreams and
longings into sighs ;

Seeks the soul his own completing, who with
guardian love may bless
Strife of his endeavor, and his quest for truth
and perfectness.

¶ Here the soul had dreamed enduring green
would wave the froned plain ;
Dreamed the gleaming of the temple and the
worship at the fane,

With the rapture and the beauty, would the
years of life abide,
As the world were meant for dreaming till all
hope be satisfied.

¶ Swift upon a scene so lovely, demon-like,
Destruction came ;
Gave it to the sword and whirlwind, wrapped
its temples in the flame ;

Gave its pleasant groves an offering to the
Fire's insatiate lust : —

On the verdant plain simooms fell withering
flowers and grass to dust ;

Cast on them from desert places swirling
sands, that buried deep

Ruined fane and corse who worshiped, laid in
Time's unbroken sleep !

¶ Slowly through the years there drifted yel-
low sands that bleaching lay,
Hiding death, themselves sepulchral with the
dust of perished clay ;

Slowly through the years that gathered, every
trace of Love's demesne, —

Murmuring fountains, shrines and temples,
fronded groves and meadows green, —

Passed from sight into oblivion and became
sad memories,

Burden of some far-spent rapture, dirge that
sounds in passing breeze ;

Pain that in the moonlight's silver, sweet ca-
ressing sheen is laid,
Bodings of some distant sorrow that the fairest
scenes invade ; —

Passed into the strange, sad meanings, passed
into the mystery
God in wisdom lays upon us, deep as His
eternity !

¶ Choked are now the pleasant fountains,
dried the sparkling streams that fed
Grove and meadow in their verdure ; and the
land is one where dead,

Buried deep, a Past lies sleeping, and the bar-
ren sands drift on,
And Remorse is mute for vanished loveliness
and splendors gone !

¶ Blue the sky of this far landscape broods,
now, barren over death ;
From its level, far horizon blows no more a
cooling breath,

Wafts no breeze from fragrant meadows ;
 sweeps now but the heated blast
 Of simoom and blinding whirlwind ; Desola-
 tion great and vast

Rests upon the desert prospect ; Loneliness
 and Silence keep,
 Brooding sad, their watch unending ; for the
 thrill of life so deep

It could last but few bright seasons, weary
 years must Sorrow rest
 Silent in the desert places, once with joyous
 verdure dressed.

¶ In the power of quickened vision, in the
 revery of grief
 For the lost, exalted joyance fleeting as the
 day and brief,

Lays the soul upon the panel limned with
 waste of desert sky
 Bending blue on desolation, — ruined space of
 joys gone by, —

Wide the picture of its sadness, symbol of its
history,
Image of the love and sorrow sacred held in
memory.

Far the landscape stretches dreary, now a soli-
tude as vast
As the sands on Theban ruins burying a storied
past ;

Where, from wreck of columned temple, one
scathed shaft yet rises high,
As it held the watch of empire for a Kingdom
long passed by.

Monuments they stand of conquest, of a glory
lost afar,
Of the love and hope of nations perished in
the greed of war.

¶ Sadly as in Theban desert, but not here
for pomp and pride,
Wealth and power of ancient peoples buried
by forgotten tide,

For the hate and greed and envy overthrown
 some long ago, —
Lifts the mute, stark sign of sorrow, desolation
 and of woe !

Here, a lonely shaft that rises, marks the treas-
 ured temple's seat,
That once held life's sweetest dreaming and
 with rapture was replete :

Here, a Presence passed with music ; breeze
 and birds hailed it with song ;
While the heart pledged pure devotion, that
 should last enduring strong.

Yet the Presence seems to linger, an ethereal
 wraith of light,
Resting sadly sweet above it ; lovely passing
 human sight,

Fair beyond earth's ruder dreaming is her spirit
 form of grace,
Grown diviner through the sorrow that befell
 her templed place !

¶ From the bliss that turned to anguish, from
the rapture lost in death,
God has sent a finer Essence, moulded it and
given it breath,

Till a Soul of spirit beauty lingers where its
worship rose,
And, in sweetest benediction, its devotion still
bestows.

¶ Lives it, there, a soul supernal, loveliness
more beautified,
Wistful with a charm unfading, constant
through life's varying tide :

Lovelier than in carnal being, still the spirit
form of love
Draws the heart with power eternal ; beautiful,
it lives above

All the gross and crude of earth-life, all the
vain that veils the truth,
All the mists that dimmed its morning ; and
abides in charm of youth :

In a realm of full perfection, grows it fairer
with the years,
Grows it sweeter with the seasons, pure,
diviner through our tears !

VI. INCARNATION

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ON, athwart the passage gleams a burst of
mellowed light,
Finer than the mingled glow the pavement
flings on chrysolite

Bearing firm the carven shafts of portals, that
imposing stand
Guarding with a silent splendor chambers
opening vast and grand.

Glow the light with some far meaning, some
strange semblance in its rays,
Casting wide a mystic token, where a finer
essence plays,

Thrilling deep with expectation that invites
exalted mood ;
Calling to some noble vision that with mystery
seems to brood.

¶ Through a columned portal falls athwart
a nave the radiance bright,
That, a splendor soft diffusing, floods the
chamber's noble height.

Strains it through high arching windows, where
the fretted, opal glass
Mingles fervid light of noontide with the ten-
der sheen from grass,

And the golden green of shadows lit through
lucent films of leaves.
Lays the crystal fret on sunlight, Nature's
prismal art that weaves,

Touching soft like passing fancy, spell of flow-
ers and sward and tree,
Charm of flashing wing and plumage, myriad
beauties lavished free. —

Veiled within the mingling radiance, in the
 shadows dim disguised,
Wavers past the vision some vague Beautiful
 unrealized.

¶ Reverently upon the portal of the chamber
 stays the soul,
As it stood upon the threshold of a temple,
 where unroll,

Clear before the eyes enraptured, that high
 vision which the heart
Strives to grasp through mist and shadow, with
 the feeble strife of art :

Secret of the truth and beauty, it dim sees on
 Nature lie ;
Wonder and the mystery blending of a mean-
 ing vast and high

Wrapped in ecstasy of human form, that
 moulds the plastic clay,
Till from dust a perfect beauty clothes the
 soul in fair array

More divine than thought can fashion, that in
passing wraith conceals
Very image of its Maker, yet Himself in part
reveals. —

Where unroll in carnal symbols all the mean-
ing faltering told,
All the holiness of beauty, He has stamped on
human mould.

¶ For the chamber is a temple dedicate to
thought divine
God has stamped on human fashion, breathed
in every mobile line,

Changing curve and facile feature, which in-
carnate to admire
Is but worship, who may scorn them for the
gross of low desire,

Praising life austere and formal ; as the crea-
ture were more wise,
Holier, purer than his Maker, whom he
blindly so denies.

Q Spacious is the noble chamber, while upon
 its paneled walls,
 On the dome of vaulted ceiling and the frieze,
 the light that falls

Shows no treasures Art has fashioned ; but the
 chastened hue and tone,
 Tint and color that adorn it, blend in softly
 glowing zone,

That enfolds a noble vision art and toil have
 glorious wrought, —
 Splendor held in softened gleaming, of the ut-
 most reach of thought.

Q Fair reveals the light its burden, as some
 chords majestic, low,
 Sound their tones in concord blending, that in
 measured cadence flow,

Laying on the air sonorous wave on wave of
 harmony,
 Like the bass of organ sounding ; while there
 burst in melody,

Rising clear in treble measures, phrase on
phrase, until the theme
Utters all the charm and meaning of the sweet
melodic dream.

¶ On the walls, which from the passage low
divide the chambered space,
Tapestries of tone accordant hang with draping
folds of grace,

Forming two recesses which the lengthening
shadows faintly mould
Into deeper rounded seeming, softening each
olive fold.

Pedestals of emerald marble veined as Nature
mingles tone,
Blending colored wave with stream of opal
into treasured stone,

Stand within each shadowed recess ; while
upon the polished sheen
Wreathes of mossy gold are fashioned, blend-
ing with the marble's green.

Here, in flood of mellowed radiance, rising on
the scene supreme

From their pedestals of emerald, breaks the
light on forms that seem

Beings sprung from birth supernal, to the soul
in quick surprise

At the beautiful creations human in their perfect
guise.

¶ Like some fleeting strains of fancy, haunting,
echoing dreamily,

Sweet with melody unsymbolled, singing in
some airy key,

When the theme of their high sounding clear
is heard in perfect song,

Sing their cadence in its measures and their
strains the theme prolong ;

Like a thought that, hasting, passes veiling
half some beauty rare,

Lovelier for its misty semblance hinting it
beyond compare,

Finds its being in the numbers that a poet
frames in stress
Of the song his own heart utters burdened
with its loveliness :

Gleaming white the marble statues nobly rise
upon the eyes,
That behold in burst of vision beings which
immortalize

Beauty's passing wraith supernal ; and the eyes
enraptured see
Symbols of Art's high creation wrought to no-
blest majesty,

Regal beyond earthly crowning ; that, endur-
ing for all time,
Speak in poise of life's full seeming all the
thought we hold sublime,

Lift the faltering human fashion into forms of
living grace,
And, the Beautiful exalted, yield, at last, the
perfect race.

¶ Full incarnate in the marbles, bodied forth
by art's trained hand
From the vision genius kindles, sees the soul
before it stand,

Here revealed in high perfection simple in
its sacredness,
Touch and hint of fair proportions Nature lays
in sweet caress

On the human form she fashions : yet, as were
the task too fine,
Or her bounty too high treasure, mingles with
the thought divine

Cruder mould and harsher pattern, leaving ever
incomplete
Her fair promise, that transports us from the
hint to shape replete

With all comeliness and beauty, — lacking
naught, in nothing gross,
Every touch in justest measure, pure, refined
from taint of dross.

U By the master's task and toiling, stands the
dream in form expressed,
Which in glow of some far passion slowly
dawned in guise and dressed

Rapture of its sweet conception in the carnal
mould that reigns
Type supreme in world of beauty, and some
high creation feigns.

U Forms they are that whole embody — mo-
tionless in eloquence
Of the flush and tide of being — from the hint
of grosser sense,

What the spirit's finer vision sees transcend the
earthly mask,
Seeking for the real of symbols through un-
daunted, baffled task.

Here the perfect form incarnate passes glimpse
of round and curve
Seen in thousand fleeting shadows, that, in
broken image serve,

But to point the glorious radiance of a perfect
loveliness.

Fleeting hints from thousand faltering forms
that dimly, vague express

Truth of some diviner beauties that, unstaying
as they passed,

Promised through their misty image dawn of
the ideal, at last, —

Here, are shaped in curve and moulding, line
and fashion, till the stone,

In the pause of perfect being, makes the ut-
most beauty known.

¶ And the vision falls like music ; through
its measures weaves the song

Whose fair theme of haunting sweetness, its
own harmonies prolong :

And, like some fair revery or image of forgot-
ten days,

That once smote the chords of heart to sing
Love's roundelays,

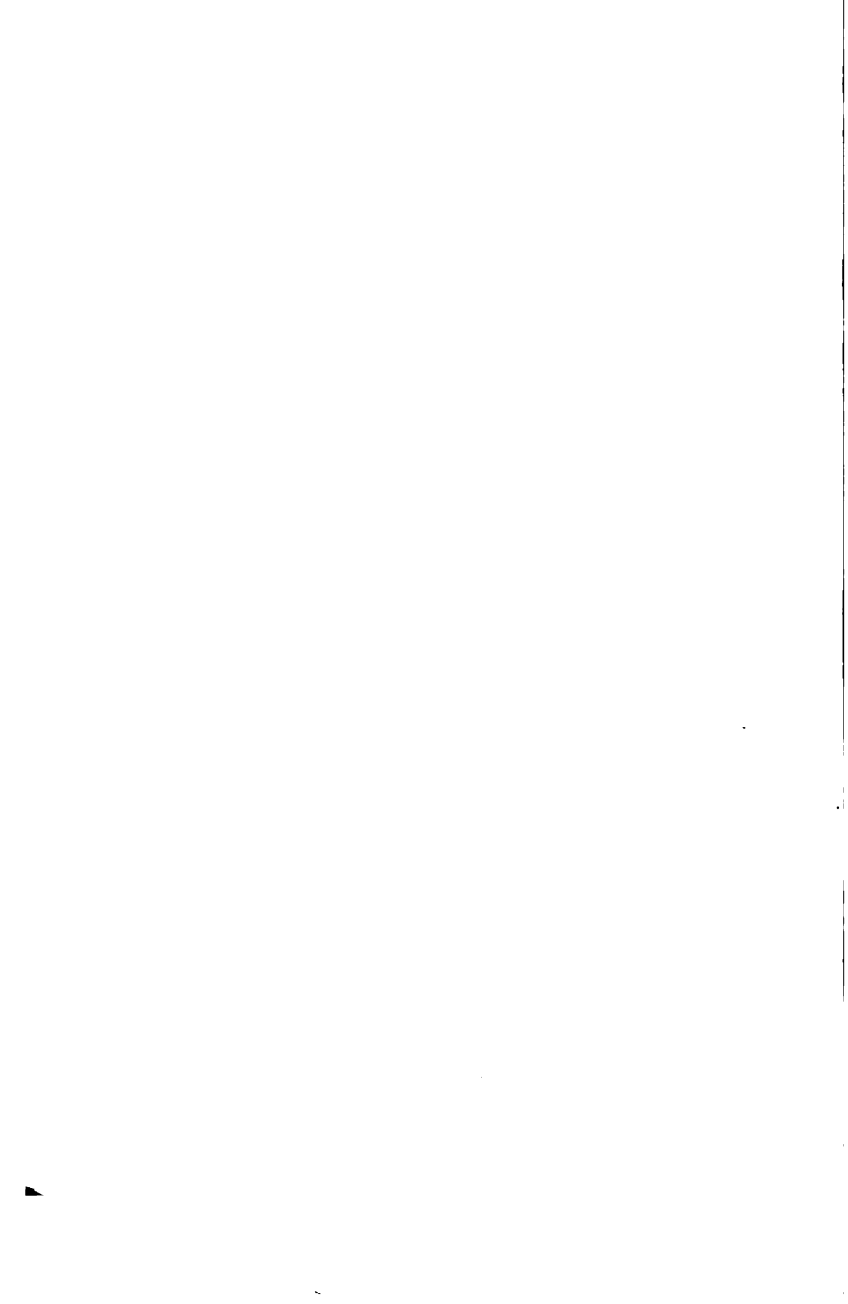
Through the vision breaks the real of dreams
and veiled, enchanting thought,
As it wakes from misty seeming, the *ideal* the
soul had sought.

¶ Sundered far by tide and nation are the
forms that memory
Here has garnered, fitly mating beings, who, in
majesty,

Grace and beauty far surpassing shapes of
halting, cruder mould,
Are the primal man and woman, as they
moved through Eden old.

VII. W I S D O M

G



VII. WISDOM

IN the charm of mellowed sunlight, gleams
the lucent marble low
With the sembled flush of life diffused, as by
some crimsoned flow ;

Through the spell of gleam and shadow, soft
is borne upon the view
Presence of a form transcendent, that, in sym-
bol carven true,

Shows the perfect man and fashion of the im-
age God has wrought
Out of dust, and called to being in the splen-
dor of his thought.

U Noble is the brow, commanding ; high the
forehead rises pure,
Lofty, wide, the fitting symbol of the Mind it
shelters sure,

That, through instrument bewildering in its
mazes intricate,
Baffling human lore and searching, — matter
shaped for soul's estate, —

Works upon the world what Spirit wills from
its unknown domain ;
Half creator at its pleasure, half in bond to
sense and pain.

U Finely carven are the features, mobile to
the secret mood,
That faint plays upon the spirit : they are
guise to habitude,

Passing thought and kindled fancy ; like a mir-
ror they present
In the flash of quick expression, undistorted,
that intent

Which the soul toward those beholding longs
to break in message plain,
From the depths of being image, and in meas-
ure full attain ;

Till the fancy, thought, emotion, which in
vivid power it feels,
Full is seen in living image that the real in
whole reveals.

¶ Under spell of lovely shape, that Melos
yielded from her past,
Carved, perchance, by hand of lover, whose
deep passion overcast

Earthly mould of fault and blemish with the
glamour love supplies,
Knowing not his rapture fashioned form that
should immortalize

That high dream of noble Woman, which the
ardent heart of man
Beating ever to the vision, since the spell of
love began,

Dreams anew in each rapt lover ; knowing not
his art bestowed

Union of a perfect body with the purest soul
endowed ; —

¶ Under spell of Phidian marbles, that in
glorious numbers rose

Through their round of full perfection, ever
nobler to disclose

Depths of mystic human beauty, Nature shows
to eyes endued

To behold her charms supernal, which the
grosser sight elude,

That, for gain of present praising, an abiding
art eschews

For some warped and passing fancy that no vi-
tal breath imbues ; —

¶ Under charm of classic sculpture from the
golden art of Greece,

Type and pattern for all ages, as it symbolled
fruitful peace

And the splendor of her victories in the wingèd
 Nike poised,
 Like a regnant spirit calm above the tumult
 wildly noised ; —

¶ In the glow of that far glory, Greece had
 wrought upon the frieze
 Crowning her famed Parthenon with galaxy of
 deities

And her fabled heroes ; carven by the art she
 fostered, till
 It attained an ideal beauty, calm, impressive,
 lingering still

All-compelling as its conquest fell upon that
 vanished race ; —

¶ In the toils of that enchantment, enervating
 in embrace ;

Whose sad, ruined splendors hold their *renais-*
sance in flush of youth,
 Cherished by an erring zeal which backward
 reads the ages' truth : —

Was this form immortal wrought and carved
in later age by hand
Moved by genius high as Nature granted to
that favored land,

Deifying sense and passion; but whose art
lacked power to mate
Body with the soul in full expression, for its
ultimate.

¶ Held by classic beauty in its spell, Thor-
valdsen carved the dream,
Which, in chambers of the vision, Memory
clothes with subtle gleam,

That endows the classic roundness with the
life, whose glorious whole,
Lifts the noble human fashion into temple for
the soul.

¶ Not the stature of the giant, does the mar-
ble celebrate;
Brute with other brutes contending, who sur-
vives to dominate

Land and sea with foes insidious, which a
 ceaseless conflict wage,
 Like the strife of savage creatures in some
 dark, remoter age :

Nor the bulk of gladiator ; for the boaster
 panoplied
 For the battle with his fellows, is forgotten
 with his deed.

¶ Here is man, not statue carven to entice
 the passing throng,
 Who from base ideals flutter admiration for
 the *strong* :

Here, man shares not with the ox the strength
 of dumb, obedient toil ;
 As the beast were shape divine for world of
 slavish brawn and moil !

¶ Let the strength of man be boasted, Nature
 mocks it with her powers :
 Puny is his best endeavor ; and his works a
 year devours.

Nature owns man lord and master, not by
pitting force with force ;
Nor, by might of brute endeavor, does she
yield established course.

¶ Nature like a queenly lover, deep enamoured of the man,
Longs to yield herself unto him : to dissolve
the brutal ban,

Lifts she him to regal station ; and, that he
may be her lord,
Crowns him with the mind immortal, godlike
in divine accord.

Regal, now, she yields her being, ardent meets
his eagerness,
As he woos her secret treasures with a lover's
fond address.

¶ He, who strength to force opposes, must
be slave to constant toil ;
Like he gives for like begrudging, — like for
like in endless coil.

By his thought man wields a sceptre, mighty
 as his crown of mind ;
 Guides he force by intellect, and powers by
 mightier are confined.

Clothed with intellect, he plies the subtle
 lightning for his need ;
 Learns the bounds of every force that may
 work out his will to deed ;

Spans the stream with graceful arch, or plants,
 affronting hill and sky,
 Geometric web with filaments of steel, which
 bears on high,

Far above the cañon's foaming depths, an epic
 of his thought,
 Which but lacks the human touch to be divine
 as Homer wrought.

¶ Fashioned like a god, the statue symboling
 Apollo's form,
 Graceful stands with noble presence, type of
 beauty, and the norm

Which attests the man impressive, — height
and mien in unity
Full conforming, where reposes conscious
power and majesty.

On its form a play of shadows breathes in
classic round the tide,
Flush and thrill of life's real being ; rests there
touch of conscious pride,

Nature gives with health and vigor ; there to
show her meaning high,
Limbs and body are full moulded till the
sleeping muscles lie

Faint revealed ; yet eloquent with latent power
and energy,
That, on instant, may awaken swift to work
with certainty

Strong behests of thought commanding, and
with nice precision press
To obey the instant call of sense alert with
consciousness.

¶ Nature here has wrought the shaping full
and free to her design,
Which eschews the coarse and beastly for a
moulding more divine.

Clothes she tendon, bone and sinew with abid-
ing touch of grace ;
Fashioning its rugged harshness, moulds she
every part to trace

Clear the thought of utmost beauty, which
pervades her varied guise ;
While she makes her chief creation with all
being harmonize.

¶ Trunk and limb are not contorted with the
knotted muscle tense,
Hard with strenuous labor ; as, by strength
and violence,

Man had won his regal station : for the
warped, distorted frame,
Deeply seamed by coarse endeavor, speaks not
majesty, nor fame

Of achievement high and noble from devel-
oped powers innate ;
But proclaims, that brute dominion prostitutes
man's high estate,

Making man machine for labor, or an engine
framed for strife ;
Losing so in toil and conflict what should no-
bly crown his life.

¶ Vain is art that begs expression for the
thought it holds of strength !
For its mould of form mistaken lays a high
ideal, at length,

In the dust of base conceptions, and exalts
deformity
For the mask of powers diviner and man's
nobler sovereignty.

¶ On the form beheld in vision, rests the
the touch the Infinite
Lays upon his earthly image, making man in
sovereign right

**Lord of earth and all its fullness ; master of
the powers that hide**

**Deep in its mysterious fashion ; ruler of an
empire wide,**

**Where he holds exalted station, not by right
of arm alone,**

**But by Intellect and Spirit which have made
all things his own.**

VIII. TENDERNESS

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AS it fell in revelation, that might guide the
grosser sight
To behold the finer meaning laid in form so
exquisite :

Softer dwells the mellowed radiance, as it
joyed to linger there,
Captive held in sweet enchantment, owning
this beyond compare ;

Softer lies the play of shadows, as it would by
fond caress,
Lead the vision to attest the being's perfect
loveliness.

¶ Art here offers pledge and witness of the
skill and mastery
Won in present age, that loudly boasts its high
supremacy

Over mind and matter. In this age, — when
great achievements gained
Prompt more daring enterprise, and every
power is utmost strained ;

When, in conquest scarcely won, there springs
a new-discovered need,
That, inciting fresh endeavor, spurs a still insa-
tiate greed : —

Art has seen the finer meanings, that in some
dim sense pervade
All the restless search and striving, which,
conceived for gain and trade,

Cradled in its selfishness, is yet with latent
good innate,
Ever guiding all endeavor toward a glorious
ultimate.

Art has felt the viewless presence of a spirit in
the age,
Leading man more surely into glory of the
heritage,

Nature waits to full possess him : when he
yields the canons wrought
From the mists of his conceptions, which, in
narrowness of thought,

Vainly seek to circumscribe the beautiful in
every guise ;
And accepts in fullest measure Nature's
beauty, as it lies

Sweet revealed in all her being ; and shall seek
for ideal pure
From the thought divine, she partial shows in
her investiture.

¶ Art here owns, the wistful beauty Greece
achieved with noble grace,
Binding with its fair enchantments each suc-
cessive age and race,

Is but partial glimpse supernal and attainment
won in youth
Of endeavor, that would gain in its own
strength the perfect truth.

¶ Sweetly stands revealed a nobler form, by
art of Ruckstuhl won,
Owing Nature's moulded loveliness. From
faltering shapes begun, —

Where, in broken line and wavering curve,
there yet enchantment lies,
Symboling the perfect beauty Nature still in
most denies, —

It reveals the utmost comeliness. In every
feature speaks
Vision realized, which from the partial form
untiring seeks

Perfect fashion : and a splendor of the beautiful soft falls
Deep with harmony and filled with rapture,
that the heart enthalls.

Owning Nature ultimate ; that naught beyond
her elements

Knows the human vision ; naught beyond her
glorious, high intents,

Can the thought devise from its own nothing-
ness : these charms proclaim,
That, which God hath formed, is lovelier than
the human thought can frame.

¶ Very queen of womankind, — in stature
that the more commands
Regal homage, — in her uncrowned majesty,
the statue stands

Rapt in mood of contemplation, that the close
of passing day
Brings with mystic hour of evening. Far the
kindled fancies stray

From the world of wearied knowledge, seeking
realm, where wistful lies
Utmost tenderness and sweetest love, the
harsher day denies :

And the vision grown more spiritual, as things
of sense depart,
Sees beyond the world denying aspirations of
the heart,

Very realm the longings craved : where love in
sweetest measure dwells, —
Passing slow fulfillment of its treasured
dawn, — and bright expels

Pain of bald attainment ; where in kindled
light the hopes repressed,
Overcast with dust of earthliness, arise in
splendor dressed, —

Grown more radiant fair for half-relinquish-
ment, — until they seem
Strong with conquering strength to win the
recompense of treasured dream.

¶ Nor upon the semblance rests the sicklied
light repression gives :
Seeking from all sense relinquished and
despised, the state that lives

Feebly in the body ; that it, haply, gain what
it believes

Holier is and purer, than the life accepting
flesh achieves.

But there dwells upon it — passing halo of the
saint — the clear,

Calm, majestic glory of humanity : which
pleads no fear,

That the Spirit may not wing its utmost flight
for clog of flesh ;

As the carnal raiment sorely pinioned soul in
earthly mesh !

From it falls the nobler radiance : for the
body's balanced play, —

Sense and soul in full fruition, seeking joyous
to obey

Every prompting call of Nature, God has laid
in mystic plan,

Glorifying life despised of beast by crowning it
in man, —

Yields the perfect human being : where the
carnal strains but blend
Full and sweet with tones of spirit ; and the
mingled chords transcend,

Thrilled with deepened harmonies, the feebler
notes they separate raise. —
Soul and sense in fullest utterance is the no-
blest hymn of praise !

Through the strains of Nature's gladness, sings
it sweet of gracious plan,
Murmured low from humblest being into per-
fect theme in man.

¶ To the vision, as it lingers, what was mar-
ble but before,
Cold as deep Carrara's seams, where once it
lay in precious store,

Glow now with the flush of life ; a genial
tide seems mantling there,
Tinging marble with its hidden stream ; and
all the being fair

Seems but stayed in some rapt moment,— held
in sweet suspense, which glows
With the gladness that the tide of an abound-
ing life bestows.

¶ On the features dwells the touch indelible
of soul, which holds
Body wrought in such perfection instrument
that part enfolds

Its own essence, — binding that, which knows
nor time nor narrowing bounds,
With habiliments of law and matter to fulfill
the rounds,

Hasting years impose within that confined
space, insensate earth
Lays for heritage in realm of law that gave the
body birth; —

While unthralled its spirit dwells in native
freedom, and is fain
Through the thought to range in instant sweep
throughout the wide domain,

Fancy knows in far, expansive bounds. Upon
the face is seal,
Which a destiny sublime has set in attributes,
that clear reveal

What is noble, high and pure : in earthliness
the better part,
Time nor chance may take away ; that shall
instill within the heart

Fortitude to mould unhappy fate to some fine,
noble ends ;
Laying soft upon the charms of beauty, spirit
that its charms transcends.

Symboling life the statue seems but some fair
breath in lovely pause ;
As a spell of soft enchantment in abeyance
held the laws,

Prone to break the charms with disallusion
swift. In poise it stands
Shaped to human symmetry so exquisite by
loving hands,

That the vision falters, if the fair creation,
feigning stone,
Be some faultless woman to similitude of marble grown,

Held in trance of her own loveliness : or it be
work of art,
Where the hands, committed to the rapture
which possessed the heart,

Chiseled nobly fine, until the glow of its own
vision breathed
Life upon the task of hands ; and, while creating form, bequeathed

Soul and spirit : till, infused, the marble took
on warmth of flesh.

¶ As suffused with conscious pride of perfect
form, the statue fresh,

Calmly sweet, as risen from healthy slumbers,
stays in winning poise
Eloquent of supple, matchless grace ; and
owns the blushing joys

Perfect comeliness instills. The charm of
neck fine moulded seems
But in greater loveliness of shoulders veiled :
where chastely gleams

Touch of curve, that instant thralls the heart
with rapture far,
Held beyond our ken and sweeter than our
fancies are ;

Which awakes such form enchanting, where
so high perfections rise,
The insatiate thirst for beauty, its sweet rapt-
ure satisfies.

¶ As the artist far had searched through clas-
sic shapes and visions fair
For the utmost loveliness ; and from his barren
toil's despair

Had in Nature sought, and found, at last, an
incarnation pure :
Lovely in its simple human guise, the bosom's
mould mature, —

Art not more can beautify how it exalts its
 feebler line, —

Shows just Nature's fashion exquisite and
 touch surpassing fine ;

As the very grace and spirit of the Beautiful
 had wrought

To reveal, here, sweetest beauty, in a world
 with beauty fraught.

For where Nature carves and sculptures charms
 with rapture so replete,

Art in high endeavor can but own her work
 for ideal sweet,

Tender, pure and lovely ; and forsake its can-
 ons manifold

To embody in perfection, the divine in human
 mould.

IX. HUMANITY



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JUST a touch of human pathos falls upon
the marbles rare :

Shadow of the pain and suffering, sorrow and
the slow despair,

That becloud the charms and sweetness, till
fast fades the lovely guise ;

As harsh Nature wrought to perfect being, but
to agonize

With decay her promised full fruition and
alluring hope ;

And she framed all beauty with insidious, con-
stant foes to cope.

¶ Like a harp some master's skill had tireless
wrought for perfect tone,
Loving shaped, and spanned with golden
strings, should yet his toil disown,

And, within its tuneful being, must some fal-
tering discord bear ;
Lest its song, too fine and sweet for earth,
perfection should declare :

In the finer human moulding framed for vigor,
wrought for health,
Full attuned in mystic functions, some malign-
ant power by stealth

Still must work to its undoing ; lest a life
without alloy,
Lived as God had planned its being, were for
earth too perfect joy.

¶ Marble carved, disclosing full the splendor
of the charming guise ;
Miracle of beauty and surpassing shape, which
deifies

All the gross of earthliness : the marble is
sweet woman still ;
How its crystal gleaming coldly speaks her
fairer charms, that thrill

Soft as petaled white of lilies. In its colder
gleam there lies
Touch of wonder, that in warmth of facile
colors meets the eyes :

When in wooded dell remote, on bank of lin-
gering stream, is seen
Nymph of loveliness, — as Henner draws
within a landscape green,

Gleaming white in sweet surprise, — a spirit
touch in sylvan space,
Crowning Nature's mystic beauty with a
woman's wistful grace.

¶ Could but thrill and flush of life the per-
fect form with glow endue ;
Could within the fair habiliments some art a
soul imbue,

Mating beauty spiritual with earthly loveliness,
for one

Brief, enchanted hour : the real of poet's no-
blest dreams were won.

¶ Fair is woman ; as the birds and flowers,
the sky and moon, are fair !

Fair is soul of woman ; some celestial influence
lingers there,

Which transcends all raptures of the world of
sense ; an essence fine

Sweet reposes in her spirit : she was formed a
sacred shrine,

Where the purest fires of love might burn
with heaven's light on earth,

Where the worship of the heart might rise ;
and miracle of birth,

Passing life from life, should win the higher
miracle of soul.

¶ Fair beyond the grasp of reason, how its
utmost bounds unroll

With a beauty high above all human need, is
womankind :

How the spiritual in earthly beauty is denied
by mind,

Meanly set to find in Nature naught but mat-
ter's grosser laws ;

Naught of soul in love beyond affinity, which
draws

Form to form appropriate to gender but the
stronger brute,

Who shall pass the gift of life to vigor still
more resolute.

❧ Base is bald Materialism, and base the in-
tellect, that sees

Naught of soul unsearchable in all the complex
mysteries,

Nature part reveals. And vain is boast that
mocks a God unseen,

Holding matter and its laws for Him ; that
makes of linked machine

Cause and Power which framed its members :
for the mind that plies content,
But in round of matter, makes that essence
which was symbol meant !

¶ Depths unsounded of the spirit with a
mystic meaning hide
In the eyes of woman : quick in moment
gleam, the wistful tide

Rises with enchantment rare and thrills the
heart to own its spell.
Half appeal it seems, as though the soul
would speak, and soft impel

Other souls to own its sweet divinity : half
questioning,
Through their depths serene the tender long-
ings of the soul upspring,

Which in kindred love would seek the wonder
and the meaning high
Laid upon the soul ; elusive, still, how love
would fain reply.

C Fair is owned the break of summer morn-
 ing filled with life intense,
 Song of bird and myriad voices blent in strife
 of eloquence,

Full to utter rapture of the welling life the
 hour instills.

Fair with an ethereal splendor own we moon
 full-orbed, which fills

Night with soft, transcendent sweetness, that is
 radiant memory

Of the regnant sun of day ; and wistful fair
 are flower and tree.

Yet half-veiled is Nature's beauty with the
 cloy of frequent round ;

Harsh may grow her varied symphony of oft-
 repeated sound ;

Hid by dust of commonplace the finer sense
 we stolid pass,

That suffuses petaled grace, and lingers in the
 wayside grass.

¶ Is it custom lulls the spirit's tide to calm
of lethargy?

Is it use that veils in earth the deeper, finer
mystery?

Do the ears grow dull to melodies, if they are
sung again;

May not joy grow sweet in keeping, as the
keener grows our pain?

Why do common things and homeliness per-
sist with vigorous breath,

Whilst there lurks in ecstasy of spirit-fair but
speedy death?

Grows Earth weary framing beauty to its high,
impassioned state,

That she hides within its rapture seeds of an
untimely fate?

¶ Olden is the cry and question, from of old
the answer fails;

Silent else to the heart's entreaty, while its
pleading naught avails,

Nature speaks an oracle, and veils its meaning
through all time
To the hearts aspiring ever toward the ultimate
sublime :

*Life that falls in pleasant places with delights
a burden grows ;
Lives the soul in strife of growth, but languishes
in calm repose !*

¶ On the fair and sun-bathed landscape sud-
den falls the angry cloud ;
Livid glare the lightning's fires, the air is mad
with thunders loud ;

Wild the tempest lashes through the trees and
sweeps with demon powers ;
Ruthlessly the hail beats down upon the ten-
der stock and flowers :

All the land seems given to devastation wide
and terrors vast !
Falls the tempest, distant roll the thunders ;
and the storm is past.

From a rift in leaden clouds white, gleaming
piles resplendent rise
Towering into higher air, the sun in undimmed
splendor vivifies ;

Soon, their snows in very glory of the dazzling
height dissolve ;
Through the rifts the depths of calm are seen ;
the angry clouds resolve

Into softening masses, and on wings of gentlest
breeze afloat,
Radiant, now, with kindly light they slowly
pass to skies remote.

¶ Deep the azure seems, as eye could pierce
to depths of distant star ;
Calm and clear, as some celestial rapture
thrilled it from afar.

Gone is haze that veiled the distant mountain,
on its face the pines
Sudden greet the eye ; and, startling clear, a
blasted tree reclines,

Where forgotten storm had laid it low : the
 very air is filled
 With a subtle essence from the sparkling sun-
 light fine distilled.

On the grass and leaves resurging life has laid
 a deeper green ;
 Brighter glow the colors of the flowers with
 lucent flush and sheen ;

All the air is filled with song and myriad utter-
 ance of joy ;
 And the earth seems new-created, freed from
 dross of its alloy.

Gone is passion of the storm, and its wild ter-
 ror dies in calm ;
 And, for anger of the tempest, softened breezes
 lift a psalm.

¶ Pain of human passion passed, and passed
 its strong, compelling mood ;
 When its sway imperial wavers into calm of
 lassitude :

Soft there rises in the heart the reign of in-
fluence tender, mild,
Balmy, as some heavenly air dispelled the
body's fury wild.

Melodies sing sweetly low with flush of shame
in undertone
Penitential — for repentance may be passion
weary grown.

¶ On the sense so quickened to the utmost
pulse of fullest life,
Gently does the soul descend ; it makes of
body passion-rife,

Roused from apathy of commonplace, an in-
strument attuned,
Full responsive in accordant mood, to soul
that importuned

Torpor of the life habitual in vain. Its climax
wrought,
Passion wanes while spirit's power sublime
ascends : and calmer thought

Through its quickened mood of sense alert,
 beholds a supersense
Using earthliness for symbol of divine intelli-
 gence ;

Sees transcendent beauties where it erst had
 found mere comeliness,
Which, beyond the earthly need, the Beautiful
 alone express.

C Light of some diviner meaning breaks upon
 the human form
Tender in its sweet appealing, when has passed
 the passion's storm :

Fair beyond mere earthly moulding are en-
 chanting curve and line,
Charm of soft, white gleaming ; where the
 wavering veins entwine

Traceries so exquisite, as hidden faint in mar-
 ble shone
Blue of sapphires, which in jeweled streams
 had once infused the stone.

And the fairness seems more message of a
spirit-word to men,
Moving them with finest rapture to exalted
vision's ken

Of the meaning high and holy, God has laid
on Nature's ways,
Wrought in myriad hints of beauty for his
own exalted praise.

SWARTHMORE, 1902.

COMMENTARIA

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COMMENTARIA



THE classification of a poetical work is a pleasing aid toward its appreciation and acceptance. If the attitude of the author toward his work has been a serious one, the classification of this verse among the various poetical forms will relieve much of the confusion of a first reading and increase the pleasure of its perusal.

While the personal sensibilities of the author may lead him to hesitate to apply the rigid methods of classification and analysis, which the critic is free to employ toward a work wholly objective to him; should the author decide to play the part of the analyst, he is, perhaps, better qualified to reveal the inner and essential construction of his work. This is not a plea that the author may, in a preëminent degree, be the critic of his own verse. If this verse

were constructed and indited purely by intellectual processes, this conclusion would be warranted ; but, when the writer is possessed of a truly poetical endowment, whatever he may otherwise be intellectually, the construction of his verse will have emanated from the deeper spiritual, rather than the intellectual domain ; and his results will have been obtained through the subtleties of inspiration, and not by the merely logical processes.

¶ The preceding poem is allegorical in a definite and relevant sense. The great exemplar of poetical allegory is Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, and it is the commonly accepted criterion for verse of its class. While the present allegory may show some similarity with this criterion, it must be distinguished from it. Its appeal is more directly to the subjective vision, and the deeper emotional and spiritual sense. It clothes itself in a material environment only to frame and embody a spiritual significance. It seeks a noble abode which imagination rears in its own realm. If such a literary appeal should need some vindication beyond itself, there may be instanced Thomson's *Castle of Indolence*, and Tennyson's *Palace of Art*.

Permitting the deeper significance of the poem to indicate its classification, it will be found to belong

to a middle class between the lyric and epic forms. While in its movement the poem is lyrical, it is concerned with an expression of the noblest spiritual phases in the life of the individual; and it is occupied with certain dominant and universal emotions, aspirations and reflections which belong to the deeper history of life.

¶ A comparative reading of modern verse is convincing that poetry is growing more complex in its mood and structure. There is an increasing difficulty in its classification among the accepted and classical forms. This is, perhaps, equivalent to an acknowledgment that our poetry is becoming more subjective, while it is more faithfully voicing our intricate and varied civilization. This tendency, if the characterization is allowed, is the chief hope of our literature. The older and over-cultivated fields are closing to the modern writer, but there is opening before him a vista of almost infinite breadth and extent.

What subject-matter may be appropriate for poetry, is ultimately to be decided by discriminating taste and poetical intuition. The more ardent and readily expressed emotions have supplied the usual themes for verse, and have commonly been its

inspiration ; and this has occurred to the extent that these subjects have dominated and characterized the great body of our verse. So tacitly is it assumed that a writer shall conform his subject-matter to these conventional moods, that one, who does not so conform, is placed under the necessity to justify and defend his selection, and make a plea for his motives.

However, upon closer analysis, this insisted-upon conformity is really a demand upon the writer, that he play the part of the artisan and write *for* his public, rather than he may be true to his art as he apprehends it.

A melodious movement in a musical composition makes both a direct and a popular appeal. This rhythmical cadence and succession of sonorous phrases is in so close accord with the inherent spiritual tendencies of the musically appreciative hearer, that he easily resigns himself to the sway of the melody. Yet melody is not the highest attainment in the musical art : this is found chiefly in the sonata, and the more highly developed symphony ; and in these forms musical inspiration and art reach their ultimate expression.

In contrast with the overbearing swing of the melody, they offer the simplicity of a noble theme

developed and wrought with a divine skill into a creation which is the noblest spiritual conception of harmony. From its very nature the symphony is less popular, since it is less readily comprehended, and demands for its appreciation a rich spiritual experience.

The analogues of the melodic and symphonic musical forms are found in the kindred art of poetry. The song or lyric — quiet or impassioned, — the drama and like poetical forms, are essentially melodic when not baldly narrative; and these lie close to the popular experience and prevalent emotional states; and their appeal is immediate. Beyond these experiences and states there are spiritual heights, where thought, reflection and aspiration may strive for something nobler and sublimer, seeking for the ultimate in human expression.

Poetical inspiration is readily granted to the melodic forms of verse; but the critic and reader, alike, may pause and hesitate to allow this quality to that verse, which is analogous to the symphonic musical form. The cry of passion, the passing song, and the elegy of sorrow, do not compass the utmost of human spiritual possibilities; there are noble reflections which may be sublimer, and aspirations which may approach nearer the ultimate of human

possibility. Noble and elevated in themselves, they are more abiding than the sentiments of immediate human response.

It is to be conceded that poetical efforts of this character are beset with especial difficulties. Reflection may easily fall into the beaten routine of philosophy, and become mere logic, or duller ethics ; its proper mode of expression, then, is assuredly direct and plain prose. Reflection, too, is apt to descend into conventional moralities, or trite formulas ; and didactic poetry is rarely otherwise than tedious.

The limitations of this elevated class of verse are exceptionally severe ; and its slightest deviations readily become positive defects. Among English classics *Paradise Lost* is analogous with the symphonic form in music. Yet in the eighth Book the reader unpleasantly realizes that there is no inherent unity between the superb verse-movement and the highly wrought recitation of systems of astronomy and natural philosophy. The incongruity and artificiality of these lines prove how dangerous is the ground where the most exalted genius is led aside.

¶ A final test of exalted poetry is that it shall preserve its inspiration while keeping close to realities which are capable of poetical expression. Such poetry, to be acceptable, must not endeavor to bring

the mind into intimacy and conviction with subjects which transcend the accepted and usual experience ; or it must not reach after the unusual and fantastic. Poetry is at its best office when it voices and elevates the noblest in thought and emotion ; and it must do this by a process of reasoning proper for verse. This propriety is reasoning by the grouping and association of poetical images, and the poetical intuition must be allowed to transcend the more formal and logical processes.

¶ It is the pleasant privilege of an author to take his readers into his confidence, and frankly recite the sources from which he has written. The *Palace of Vision* was suggested by a ripple of song which came unconsciously to the author, and is given, slightly modified, in the opening lines. The plan — for it can not be called a plot — grew from this suggestion by the natural processes of expansion.

Probably the debt of suggestion may be large to one of Hawthorne's tales,* which has an abiding charm for the writer. An author can not estimate clearly the influence of subtle suggestions from the memories of his reading, however anxious and conscientious he may be to separate what is his own

* "A Select Party ;" *Mosses from an Old Manse*.

from the unconscious blending with the work of another. By the happy alchemy of environment and association one grows into the heritage of his own times from the classical past. Yet he most generously repays his debt, who enlarges his patrimony and bends his literary efforts to increase and enrich the traditional literature of his own language.

From the intimacy with which much of the reflection in this present poem is associated with certain paintings and sculptures, apparently the author must attribute some influence to the *Palace of Art*. This would be frankly acknowledged had the poem in any conscious manner determined the present work.

¶ The metrical form was determined by the note of the song itself; and, as this was suitable for the developing plan of the poem, it was adopted. So far as influence can be attributed in such cases, the meter was suggested by the lines,

" Like a strain of wondrous music rising up
in cloister dim,
Through my life's unwritten measures thou
dost steal, a glorious hymn ! " *

This lyrical strain was a favorite with Whittier,

* E. D. Proctor, in the *Atlantic Monthly*, vol. i. page 566.

among our own poets ; and is, perhaps, recalled to the general reader more familiarly from its use in *Locksley Hall*.

Such a metrical form is difficult to maintain throughout a lengthy poem. Its exceptionally strong beat is apt to grow monotonous ; and, if the cæsura at the end of the fourth cadence * (foot) is rigorously placed with mathematical exactness, the verse will become circumscribed by this restriction and lose in virility and variety. Such precision, too, may react upon the sentiment, until it becomes artificial and the thought trite and commonplace.

The rhyme of the couplets is scarcely less evident than their beat. To prevent this from being too insistent in a succession of couplets having both emphatic beat and rhyme, the run-on line may be frequently used ; and this, too, will relieve the monotonous suspense of the ear for the final sound. Additional variety in the movement of the lines may be obtained legitimately by shifting the cæsura. But too much virtue may be laid to the run-on line. If it is properly introduced in the natural flow of elevated expression, it is an added grace to the verse ;

* An interesting nomenclature of metrical structure is given in the Memoranda to the *Poems of Tennyson*, edited by Dr. Henry Van Dyke, page cxiii.

but the device used artificially takes away from what is really prose its very semblance of verse.

A trochaic measure so emphatic apparently demands the rigorous adherence to the initial accent in each line. In shorter trochaic measures an iambic, or inflected stress, may occasionally be used with pleasing effect; but this same license does not prove appropriate for the stately lines of the longer measure. Nor does this measure permit the use of the anapestic stress, except in rare cases where the lyrical movement or the grammatical continuity requires it. The easy, careless flow of the anapest proves rather inimical to the stately seriousness of this meter. Whether naturally, or by consent, this stately meter has become accepted for sententious expression; and any variation from its strictly canonical form must be employed with caution and discretion.

¶ These observations have been followed by the author so far as it seemed advisable. In rapid lyrical movements run-on lines have been used naturally; and in less emotional passages, when the movement of the thought permitted. The cæsura has been purposely shifted to relieve the monotony of the verse and adjust the meter to the inward movement of the passage. Again, in those sections

which were descriptive or purely reflective, the position of the pause was varied with broad license ; or it was omitted altogether, though this practice is an innovation. The sustained stress, or the classical spondee, is a legitimate variation which at times becomes singularly appropriate ; and this device has been employed in a number of passages.

¶ The various sections, or cantos of the poem, severally bear a title-word expressing the dominant sentiment, and which may serve to fix the passage in memory. The author acknowledges his obligations for the suggestion of the use of such descriptive titles to his friend, Professor John Russell Hayes.

¶ In many musical works having the form of the sonata, or the symphony, a characteristic method of composition is employed which is singularly beautiful and appropriate to this mode of art. The theme is not immediately pronounced broadly and with power. The introductory chords create for it an atmosphere of suggestion ; the theme is presently hinted and sounds vaguely amid noble phrases. The suggestion being the while supported by appropriate harmonies, the composer repeats the hint of the theme, perhaps modified and more distinct ; until, finally, with all the resources of his art the developed

theme is pronounced simply, nobly, and with all the persuasion and eloquence of its melody.

This method of composition which admittedly is an excellence in the musical art, is not infrequently misunderstood when attempted in a literary mode. But the reasons are not more apparent for its censure in writings, than its approbation in music.

The reader of this poem is introduced to the theme of the first canto by this same device of composition. While the theme, which presented to the imagination at once in its full demand, might appear fantastic, by creating for itself an appropriate atmosphere of suggestion it may make its own appeal to a memory of similar fancies and reflections, which many persons are wont to create and cherish.

FANCY, PAGES 16-17

*While the air is thrilled with secrets that on
dawn and sunset lie.*

This line is a suggestion of the conception which is developed in the succeeding verses. The *secrets* are the melody and harmony of the play of light, and we can only surmise these from their physical analogy with musical sounds both in their blending and shading. Expression is given to this poetical fancy

in several portions of this poem, but more clearly in the verses found on page 17, and especially in these lines,

*And the sheen breaks into music of a choral
glow of fire
Sung in myriad waves of color, sweet at-
tuned in radiant choir.*

This thought has been expressed by the author in the *Hymn to the Intellect*, and its significance pointed out in an explanatory note to this poem.* In these lines the appeal is both natural and logical, and not merely rhetorical. With persons of a lively and sensitive appreciation blended colors may suggest musical sounds; and musical harmonies, in turn, may resolve themselves into a perception of colors. Persons so endowed have, it may be, a subtle sense, which the more evident sensations of sight and hearing ultimately excite. Aside from these obscure distinctions, there is a physical reality for the conception of a blending of colors as a 'radiant choir.' The witchery and charm of sweet sounds in full accord linger in a surpassing and exquisite degree in the play of blending lights. Singularly too, many

* *The Wreck of the Myrtle*, page 89; the explanatory Notes, page 123.

expressions descriptive of sounds are borrowed from the phraseology of color.

DEVOTION, PAGE 29

It may be objected that the conception of Devotion which is presented in this canto, is not adequate and universal; that it wavers between the pagan worship of the beautiful in Nature and the essentials of the formulated faiths. A reply to this must be the poem itself. In it nothing is intended beyond the free and untrammelled expression of the emotion of devotion; its plea is the universal freedom of Art from the restrictions of Convention and Belief. It does not propose to be practical and ethical, but rather deals with that intuitive emotion from which these aspects of faith have grown. The description in the opening lines of the canto is not taken from concrete works of art; it is drawn from Nature and is an expression of personal reflections and passing impressions.

DEVOTION, PAGE 33

*Lone upon a wooded hillside, with a faith
unquestioning,
Human hands have reared an altar, with-
out tool and fashioning.*

In the north hall of the Congressional Library is a series of small panels which were painted by Charles Sprague Pearce. The theme of the first panel is *Religion*: before a rude stone altar there kneel two worshipers; while the smoke of the sacrifice ascends one, the man, kneels with head bowed in his hands, and the other, a young woman, bends her head in reverence. From this painting was received the suggestion for the theme of the canto. On an occasion, an artist analyzed the picture so intelligently and vividly for the author, that from the impressions then received there presently developed the theme and detail of this passage.

In the poem Pearce's conception has been idealized for the purposes of the writing, and possibly the verse elaborates the artist's conception beyond his intention. Yet in the apparently descriptive lines no effort was made to narrate formally the features of the painting, but its scene was modified to the requirements of the verse.

An artist usually regards with disfavor a literary interpretation of his work; and generally there is ground for his prejudice, as most writers do not competently estimate and interpret the technical handling of his theme. In this instance, however, no attempt has been made to interpret a painting in

a literary sense, and any approach to this is casual ; the design of the one simply was suggestive of a plan for the other.

NOBILITY, PAGE 49

*Through the radiant distance break in misty
gleam of ravisment,
That with warmth of life seems glowing,
* * * * *
Forms that grace some fragrant woodland.*

A remarkable painting by Courtois, *A la Source*, and some kindred works by Le Fébvre, were the inspiration for these lines and similar passages of this work.

NATURE, PAGE 59

It is not singular that the works of Corot should inspire literary expression ; his idealized landscapes are themselves lyrics of Nature. The scene which opens with these lines,

*Fair outspreads a quiet valley distant walled
by gentle hills
Lying in caressing sunshine, dimmed by
mellowing haze,—*

owes its suggestion to an exquisite landscape now in the Wilstach collection in the galleries at Fairmount Park, Philadelphia.

NATURE, PAGES 60-63

*Not of earth the forest glimmers with a
faintly struggling gleam.*

What is included in these pages is in part an interpretation and, perhaps in some degree, an idealization of certain woodland scenes by Diaz which portray his favorite theme, the forest of Fontainebleau. The works of Diaz more especially referred to in this section, are the *Forest of Fontainebleau*, at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, and the *Coming Storm*, in the Gibson collection of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, Philadelphia.

AFFLICTION, PAGE 78

*Where, from wreck of columned temple, one
scarbed shaft yet rises high,
As it held the watch of empire for a King-
dom long passed by.*

In this canto the universal experience of sorrow has been voiced. It opens with a scene of desert

prospect, where are still to be seen some reminders of a more happy past. But sorrow is retrospective, and on its present unhappy prospect it seeks to revive the memories of its past pleasures. What imagery has been employed in this canto, was devised from such illustrations as one commonly sees depicting the ruined temples of Karnak and Luxor at Thebes. Familiar to all readers, these decayed and deserted ruins seem to mourn the loss of their former magnificence and grandeur.

On its unhappy prospect Sorrow restores the verdure and life of the cherished past. Among the shrines where the devotions of a happier life were offered, the Temple of Love was the altar favored with its ardor; in the shadow of this charmed fane life was song, and the guardian Presence of the temple was adored as a gentle deity. When shrine and templed grove, fountains and pleasant prospect, alike had shared in the inevitable desolation and common ruin, above the scene of its woe the Presence still lingers, transfigured from earthliness into an abiding spiritual reality. In some mysterious fashion Nature is the type, or the shadow, for the spiritual life of mankind, and, in those external changes which it slowly undergoes, pictures enduringly the swiftly passing experiences of human life.

INCARNATION, PAGE 96

*Sundered far by tide and nation are the
forms that memory
Here has garnered.*

These marbles are the statues of *Adonis* by Thorvaldsen, and the no less poetical *Evening* by Ruckstuhl. The beautiful *Adonis* stands in the center of the hall of modern art in the Glyptothek, Munich; and the statue, *Evening*, which is incomparable for its fidelity and natural beauty, as well as its superb modeling, is in the collection of marbles at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. On pages 104 and 118, these works are suggested more explicitly.

WISDOM, PAGE 101

*Under spell of lovely shape, that Melos
yielded from her past,
Carved, perchance, by hand of lover.*

The *Venus of Milo* is a preëminent subject in art, which appears invested by an enduring charm and romantic interest. Though the attempts at the restoration of the physical statue have been numerous and various, the kindred art of literature has sought in its own way to restore this being to her former

tender and exquisite loveliness. One of the most beautiful and interesting of these efforts is the poem, *The Venus of Milo*,* by Edward Rowland Sill.

WISDOM, PAGE 104

*Not the stature of the giant, does the mar-
ble celebrate ;
Brute with other brutes contending.*

Thorvaldsen's more spiritual conception is here contrasted with the emphatic and exaggerated lines in the modeling of Michelangelo. Criticism is not so much implied, as a protest is uttered against the popularly mistaken conception of the attribute of strength in art.

WISDOM, PAGE 107

*Fashioned like a god, the statue symboling
Apollo's form.*

In this passage poetical license has been taken with the fact, in order to emphasize the meaning ; the verse clothes the formal statue of Adonis with the nobler attributes of Apollo.

* *Poems*, by Edward Rowland Sill ; Houghton, Mifflin and Company, 1887 ; page 1.

TENDERNESS, PAGE 126

*As the artist far had searched through classic
shapes and visions fair
For the utmost loveliness ; and from his bar-
ren toil's despair
Had in Nature sought, and found, at last,
an incarnation pure.*

No effort has been directly made, in this and similar passages, to contrast the methods of realism with other supposed methods. An appeal is made simply and frankly to the incarnation of the elements of beauty and loveliness in Nature. Instead of insisting upon tedious argument over an exhausted theme, these lines and passages convey a conviction of one who accepts Nature rationally and, where the vision fails, ultimately ; but who is persuaded that he perceives something of unity between many material and spiritual manifestations.

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¶ This book is composed in Caslon types,
and printed on "Old Downshire" wove
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¶ Five hundred copies have been printed
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